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There's no such thing as a "Typical Romance"



Chapter 1 by George Langham

Truer words have never been said than the title of this short essay.

Yeah, I know, I wrote it, not some fancy famous writer. But I probably stole it from elsewhere anyway. Like the big man said in his book full of holes (holy bible, get it?) "There's nothing original under the sun."

Mrs Chancy wanted me to do this essay on biology. But I got no interest in it, so this is about the only bit of biology that I can say that I give a dissected frog about, love.

See, the way I think it, love is the essence of all life, sure, some stupid creatures feel it different than we do, but it's always there for sure.

So here it goes

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Okay, so maybe we're going to have to return to our dissected frog friend for this one. Getting

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Would I be correct in assuming that one of the judges reading this is Judy Polis? I suppose. Well, this little tale involves your son. Please don't go too hard on him. I don't think he's told you yet, anyway, about me.

This is my paper on the biology behind homosexuality.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Okay, so a dead frog and a pull of the fire alarm helped me to discover that I was gay. I think we've got that base covered.

So let's talk about the science of homosexuality. Despite what you've seen on the news over and over again, science has found no reason to disclaim being gay as "unnatural". That being said, they don't exactly know /what/ causes it. A gay "gene" has been disproved, but that doesn't get us any closer to the answer. We have theories, of course. One of the more popular ones deems that sexuality in general is determined by not one gene, but hundreds of tiny genes that dictate level of aggressiveness, passivity, and etcetera.

When I locked lips with Rory Polis on that fateful day, none of that was even close to being in my head. All I could think of was /him./

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



Okay, the noise that the fire alarm was making was in my head. But that's besides the point. The fact of the matter was that my biology partner had instructed one of his friends to pull a fire alarm just for a reason to kiss me, pull back, and say "My love for you rings true". I mean, what a /dork./

But I'd be lying if I said I didn't love every minute of it.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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